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Micro-Cosmographie.

Or,

A piece of the WORLD Characteriz'd;

In *ESSAYES* and CHARACTERS.

LONDON,
Printed by W. BENTLEY,
for *William Shears* at the *Bible* in
the *New-Rents.* 1650.

The first edition is in 12mo
London 1628. It has been reprint
ed in 8vo 1731 & is very rare
Censura Literaria

Notwithstanding this high entertaining & very scarce little book is ascribed by Langbaine to a Mr Blount, "who" says he, "hath made himself known by many ingenious publications, such as his Microcosmography, Horæ Subsecivæ &c" (but who in fact was only the publisher, as he himself tells us in the preface, it is the production of Dr John Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, who translated from English into Latin the Εἰκων Βασιλικη which he intitled "Imago Regis Caroli in illis suis Orumnis & Solitudine" & which was printed at the Hague 1649 duodecimo with a frontispiece by Marshall

"Microcosmographie" consists of numerous characters drawn up with the greatest humour & correctness. They shew the author to have been a man of reading & observation, who regarded the world with a penetrating glance, & who diffused his remarks with propriety & justice.

Censura Literaria

"Paul's walk" is then given as a specimen & "an antiquarie, a carrier, a pot poet, an Universitie dunne" are particularly noted

To the Reader,

Gentile, or *Gentle*.

I Have (for once) adventured to play the Midwifes part, helping to bring forth theſe Infants into the World, which the Father would have ſmothered: who having left them lapt up in looſe Sheets, as ſoon as his Fancy was delivered of them; written eſpecially for his private Recreation, to paſs away the time in the Coun-

trey, and by the forcible requeſt of Friends drawn from him: Yet paſſing ſeverally from hand to hand in written Copies, grew at length to be a pretie number in a little Volume: and among ſo many ſundrie diſperſed Tranſcripts, ſome very imperfect and ſurreptitious had like to have paſt the Preſs, if the Authour had not uſed ſpeedie means of prevention: when, perceiving the hazard he ran to be wronged, was willingly willing to let them paſs as now they appear to the World. If any faults have eſcaped the Preſs, (as few Books can be Printed without)

without) impoſe them not on the Authour I intreat thee; but rather impute them to mine and the Printers over-ſight, who ſeriouſly promiſe, on the re-impreſſion hereof by greater care and diligence, for this our former default, to make thee ample ſatisfaction. In the mean while, I remain

Thine,

ED. BLOUNT.

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Micro-cosmographie.

Or,

A Piece of the WORLD *Characteriz'd.*

I.

A Child.

IS a man in a small Letter, yet the best Copie of *Adam* before he tasted of *Eve*, or the Apple; and he is happie whose small practice in the World, can onely write this Character. He is Natures fresh picture newly drawn in Oyl, which time, and much handling, dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white

paper unſcribled with obſervations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred Note-book. He is purely happie, becauſe he knows no evil, nor hath made means by ſin, to be acquainted with miſerie. He arrives not at the miſchief of being wiſe, nor endures evils to come by foreſeeing them. He kiſſes and loves all, and when the ſmart of the rod is paſt, ſmiles on his beater. Nature and his Parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of Sugar, to a a draught of Wormwood. He plays yet, like a young Prentice the firſt day, and is not come to his task of melancholly. His hardeſt labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to uſe ſo deceitfull an Organ; and he is beſt companie with it, when he can but prattle. We laugh at his fooliſh ſports, but his game is our earneſt: and his drums, rattles, and hobbie-horſes, but the Emblems and mocking of mens buſineſs. His father hath writ him as his own little Storie, wherein he reads thoſe days of life that he cannot remember; and ſighs to ſee what innocence he hath outliv'd. The elder he grows, he is a ſtair

ſtair lower from God; and like his firſt Father, much worſe in his breeches. He is the Chriſtians example, and the old mans relapſe: The one imitates his pureneſs, the other falls into his ſimplicitie. Could he put off his bodie with his little coat, he had got Eternitie without a burthen, and exchanged but one Heaven for another.

II.

A young raw Preacher.

IS a Bird not yet fledged, that hath hopt out of his neſt to be chirping on a hedge, and will be ſtragling abroad at what peril ſoever. His backwardneſs in the Univerſitie hath ſet him thus forward: for had he not truanted there, he had not been ſo haſty a Divine. His ſmall ſtanding and time, hath made him a proficient onely in boldneſs, out of which and his Table-book, he is furniſht for a Preacher. His collections of Studie are the notes of Sermons, which taken up at S^t. *Maries*, he utters in the Countrey. And if he write Brachi-

graphy, his ſtock is ſo much the better. His writing is more than his reading; for he reads onely what he gets without book. Thus accompliſht he comes down to his friends, and his firſt ſalutation is Grace and Peace out of the Pulpit. His Prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his Colledge more at large. The pace of his Sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock ſtop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs. And the onely thing he hath made of himſelf, is the faces. He takes on againſt the Pope without mercie, and has a jeſt ſtill in lavender for *Bellarmine*. Yet he preaches hereſie, if it comes in his way, though with a mind, I muſt needs ſay, very Orthodox. His Action is all Paſſion, and his Speech Interjections. He has an excellent facultie in bemoning the people, and ſpits with a very good grace. His ſtile is compounded of ſome twentie ſeveral mens, onely his bodie imitates ſome one extraordinarie. He will not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his noſe without diſcretion. His commendation is, that he

he never looks upon book, and indeed he was never us'd to it. He Preaches but once in a year, though twice on a Sunday: for the ſtuff is ſtill the ſame, onely the dreſſing a little alter'd. He has more tricks with a Sermon, than a Taylor with an old cloak, to turn it and piece it, and at laſt quite diſguiſe it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profeſſion, and would ſhew reading of his own, his Authours are Poſtils, and his School-Divinitie a Catechiſm. His faſhion and demure habit, gets him in with ſome town-preciſian, and makes him a Gueſt on Friday nights. You ſhall know him by his narrow Velvet cape, and Serge facing, and his Ruff, next his Hair, the ſhorteſt thing about him. The companion of his walk is ſome zealous Tradeſman, whom he aſtoniſheth with ſtrange points, which they both underſtand alike. His Friends, and much painfulneſs, may prefer him to thirtie pounds a year, and this means to a Chamber-maid; With whom we leave him now in the bonds of Wedlock. Next Sunday you ſhall have him again.

III.

A grave Divine

IS one that knows the burden of his calling, and hath ſtudied to make his ſhoulders ſufficient: for which he hath not been haſtie to launch forth of his port the Univerſitie, but expected the ballaſt of learning, and the wind of opportunitie. Divinitie is not the beginning but the end of his ſtudies, to which he takes the ordinarie ſtair, and makes the Arts his way. He counts it not profaneneſs to be poliſht with humane reading, or to ſmooth his way by *Ariſtotle* to School Divinitie. He has ſounded both Religions, and anchored in the beſt, and is a Proteſtant out of Judgement, not Faction; not becauſe his Countrey, but his Reaſon is on this ſide. The Miniſtrie is his choice, not refuge, and yet the Pulpit not his Itch, but Fear. In his diſcourſe there is Subſtance, not all Rhetorick, and he utters more things than words. His ſpeech is not helpt with inforc'd action, but the matter acts it ſelf. He ſhoots all his meditations at one Butt: and beats upon his Text, not the Cuſhion, making

king his Hearers, not the Pulpit, groan. In citing of Popish errours, he cuts them with Arguments, not cudgels them with barren Invectives: and labours more to shew the truth of his cause, than his spleen. His Sermon is limited by the Method, not the Hour-glass; and his devotion goes along with him out of the Pulpit. He comes not up thrice a week, because he would not be idle, nor talks three hours together, because he would not talk nothing: but his tongue preaches at fit times, and his cõversation is the every days exercise. In matters of ceremonie he is not ceremonious, but thinks he ows that reverence to the Church to bow his judgement to it, and make more conscience of Schisme, than a Surples. He esteems the Churches Hierarchie as the Churches glorie, and however we jar with *Rome*, would not have our confusion distinguish us. In Symoniacal purchases he thinks his soul goes in the bargain, and is loth to come by promotion so dear: Yet his worth at the length advances him, and the price of his own merit buys him a Living. He is no base grater of his

Tyths, and will not wrangle for the odd Egge. The Lawyer is the onely man he hinders, he is ſpited for taking up Quarrels. He is a main pillar of our Church; though not yet Dean nor Canon, and his life, our Religions beſt Apologie: His death is his laſt Sermon, where in the Pulpit of his Bed he inſtructs men to die by his example.

IV.

A meer dull Phyſician.

HIs practice is ſome buſineſs at bed-ſides, and his ſpeculation an Urinal. He is diſtinguiſht from an Emperick by a round velvet cap, and Doctours Gown, yet no man takes degrees more ſuperfluouſly, for he is Doctour howſoever. He is ſworn to *Galen* and *Hyppocrates*, as Univerſitie men to their Statutes, though they never ſaw them, and his diſcourſe is all Aphoriſms, though his reading be onely *Alexis* of Piemont, or the Regiment of Health. The beſt cure he has done is upon his own purſe, which from a lean ſicklineſs he hath made luſty,

luſtie, and in fleſh. His learning conſiſts much in reckoning up the hard names of diſeaſes, and the ſuperſcriptions of Gally-pots in his Apothecaries ſhop, which are rank't in his Shelves, and the Doctours memorie. He is indeed onely languag'd in diſeaſes, and ſpeaks Greek many times when he knows not. If he have been but a by-ſtander at ſome deſperate recoverie, he is ſlandered with it, though he be guiltleſs; and this breeds his reputation, and that his Practiſe: for his skill is meerly opinion. Of all odours he likes beſt the ſmell of Urine, and holds *Veſpaſians* rule, that no gain is unſavorie. If you ſend this once to him, you muſt reſolve to be ſick howſoever, for he will never leave examining your water, till he have ſhakt it into a diſeaſe. Then follows a writ to his drugger in a ſtrange tongue, which he underſtands, though he cannot conſter. If he ſee you himſelf, his preſence is the worſt viſitation: for if he cannot heal your ſickneſs, he will be ſure to help it. He tranſlates his Apothecaries Shop into your Chamber, and the very windows and benches muſt take

Phiſick. He tels you your Maladie in Greek, though it be but a cold or head-ach: which by good endeavour and diligence, he may bring to ſome moment indeed: his moſt unfaithfull act is, that he leaves a man gaſping, and his pretence is, Death and He have a quarrel, and muſt not meet; but his fear is, leſt the carcaſs ſhould bleed. Anatomies, and other ſpectacles of mortalitie have hardened him, and he is no more ſtruck with a Funeral than a Grave-maker. Noble-men uſe him for a Director of their ſtomacks, and Ladies for wantonneſs, eſpecially if he be a proper man. If he be ſingle, he is in league with his She Apothecarie, and becauſe it is the Phyſician, the husband is patient. If he have leaſure to be idle (that is to ſtudie) he has a ſmatch at Alcumie, and is ſick of the Philoſophers-ſtone, a diſeaſe uncurable, but by an abundant Phlebotomie of the purſe. His two main oppoſites are a Mountebank and a good Woman, and he never ſhews his learning ſo much, as in an invective againſt them and their boxes. In concluſion he is a ſucking conſumption, and a very

very brother to the Worms, for they are both ingendered out of mans corruption.

V.

An Alderman.

HE is Venerable in his Gown, more in his Beard, wherewith he ſets not forth ſo much his own, as the face of a Citie. You muſt look on him as one of the Town-gates, and conſider him not as a Bodie, but a Corporation. His eminencie above others hath made him a man of worſhip, for he had never been preferr'd, but that he was worth thouſands. He over-ſees the Commonwealth, as his Shop, and it is an argument of his policie, that he has thriven by his craft. He is a rigorous Magiſtrate in his Ward: yet his ſcale of Juſtice is ſuſpected, leſt it be like the Ballances in his Ware-houſe. A ponderous man he is, and ſubſtantial: for his weight is commonly extraordinarie, and in his preferment, nothing riſes ſo much as his Bellie. His head is of

of no great depth, yet well furnisht, when it is in conjunction with his Brethren, may bring forth a Citie Apothegm, or some such sage matter. He is one that will not hastily run into errour, for he treads with great deliberation, and his Judgement consists much in his Pace. His discourse is commonly the Annals of his Majoraltie, and what good Government there was in the days of his gold Chain: though his Doorposts were the onely things that suffered reformation: he seems not sincerely religious, especially on solemn days, for he comes oft to Church to make a shew. He is the highest stair of his profession, and an example to his Trade, what in time they may come to. He makes very much of his authoritie; but more of his Sattin Doublet; which though of good years, bears its age very well, and looks fresh every Sunday; But his Scarlet Gown is a Monument, and lasts from Generation to Generation.

VI.

VI.

A Diſcontented Man

IS one that is fallen out with the World, and will be revenged on himſelf. Fortune has deni'd him in ſomething, and he now takes pet, and will be miſerable in ſpite. The root of his diſeaſe is a ſelf humouring pride, and accuſtomed tenderneſs, not to be croſt in his fancie: and the occaſions commonly one of theſe three: a hard Father, a peeviſh Wench, or his ambition thwarted. He conſidered not the nature of the world till he felt it, and all blows fall on him heavier, becauſe they light not firſt on his expectation. He has now forgone all but his pride, and is yet vain-glorious in the oſtentation of his melancholy. His compoſure of himſelf is a ſtudied careleſneſs with his arms acroſs, and a neglected hanging of his head and cloak, and he is as great an enemie to a hat-band, as Fortune. He quarrels at the time, and Up-ſtarts, and ſighs at the neglect of men of parts, that is, ſuch as himſelf. His life is a perpetual Satyre, and he

is

is ſtill girding the Ages vanitie; when this very anger ſhews he too much eſteems it. He is much diſpleaſed to ſee men merrie, and wonders what they can find to laugh at. He never draws his own lips higher than a ſmile, and frowns wrinckle him before fourtie. He at the laſt falls into that deadly melancholy to be a bitter hater of men, and is the moſt apt companion for any miſchief. He is the ſpark that kindles the Commonwealth, & the bellows himſelf to blow it: and if he turn any thing, it is commonly one of theſe, either Friar, Traytour, or Mad-man.

VII.

An Antiquarie.

HE is a man ſtrangely thriftie of time paſt, and an enemie indeed to his maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and ſtinking. He is one that hath that unnatural diſeaſe to be enamoured of old age, and wrinckles, and loves all things (as Dutch men do

do Cheese) the better for being mouldie and worm-eaten. He is of our Religion, because we say it is most ancient; and yet a broken Statue would almost make him an Idolater. A great admirer he is of the rust of old Monuments, and reads onely those Characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. He will go you fourtie miles to see a Saints Well, or ruin'd Abbey: and if there be but a Cross or stone Foot-stool in the way, hee'l be considering it so long, till he forget his journey. His estate consists much in Shekels, and Romane Coyns, and he hath more pictures of *Cesar*, than *James* or *Elisabeth*. Beggers coozen him with musty things which they have rack't from dung-hils, and he preserves their rags for precious Reliques. He loves no Library, but where there are more Spiders Volums than Authors, and looks with great admiration on the antique work of Cob-webs. Printed books he contemns, as a noveltie of this latter age; but a Manuscript he pores on everlastingly, especially if the cover be all Moth-eaten, and the dust make a Parenthesis between every

every Syllable. He would give all the Books in his Studie (which are rarities all) for one of the old Romane binding, or six lines of *Tullie* in his own hand. His Chamber is hung commonly with strange Beasts skins, and is a kind of Charnel-house of bones extraordinarie, and his discourse upon them, if you will hear him, shall last longer. His very attire is that which is the eldest out of fashion, and you may pick a Criticism out of his Breeches. He never looks upon himself till he is gray-hair'd, and then he is pleased with his own Antiquitie. His Grave does not fright him, for he has been us'd to Sepulchres, and he likes Death the better, because it gathers him to his Fathers.

VIII.

A Younger Brother.

HIs Elder Brother was the *Esau*, that came out first and left him like *Jacob* at his heels. His father has done with him, as *Pharaoh* to the children of *Israel*, that would have

have them make brick, and give them no ſtraw, ſo he taſks him to be a Gentleman, and leaves him nothing to maintain it. The pride of his houſe has undone him, which the elders Knighthood muſt ſuſtain, and his beggery, that Knighthood. His birth and bringing up, will not ſuffer him to deſcend to the means to get wealth: but he ſtands at the mercy of the World, and which is worſe, of his brother. He is ſomething better than the Serving-men; yet they more ſaucy with him, thã he bold with their Maſter, who beholds him with a countenance of ſtern aw, and checks him oftener than his Liveries. His brothers old ſuits and he are much alike in requeſt, and caſt off now and then one to the other. Nature hath furniſht him with a little more wit upon compaſſion; for it is like to be his beſt revenue. If his annuitie ſtretch ſo far, he is ſent to the Univerſitie, and with great heart-burning takes upon him the Miniſterie, as a profeſſion he is condemn'd to by his ill fortune. Other take a more crooked path, yet the Kings high-way, where at length their vizard is plucke

off

off, and they ſtrike fair for Tiburn: but their Brothers pride, not love, gets them a pardon. His laſt refuge is the Low-countreys, where rags & lice are no ſcandal, where he lives a poore Gentle-man of a Companie, and dies without a Shirt. The onely thing that may better his fortunes, is an art he has to make a Gentle-woman, wherewith he baits now and then ſome rich widow, that is hungry after his blood. He is commonly diſcontented and deſperate, and the form of his exclamation is, that Churl my brother. He loves not his Countrey for this unnatural cuſtome, and would have long ſince revolted to the Spaniard, but for Kent onely which he holds in admiration.

IX.

A meer Formal Man.

IS ſomewhat more than the ſhape of a mn; for he has his length, breadth, and colour. When you have ſeen his out-ſide, you have lookt through him, and need imploy your diſcoverie no further. His reaſon is meerly

meerly example, and his action is not guided by his understanding, but he sees other men do thus, and he follows them. He is a Negative, for we cannot call him a wise man, but not a fool; nor an honest man, but not a knave; nor a Protestant, but not a Papist. The chief burden of his brain is the carriage of his bodie, and the setting of his face in a good frame, which he performs the better, because he is not disjoynted with other Meditations. His Religion is a good quiet subject, and he prays as he swears, in the phrase of the Land. He is a fair guest, and a fair inviter, and can excuse his good cheer in the accustomed Apologie. He has some facultie in mangling of a Rabbet, and the distribution of his morsel to a neighbour-trencher. He apprehends a jest by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himself, when it comes to his turn. His discourse is the news that he hath gathered in his walk, and for other matters his discretion is, that he will onely what he can, that is, say nothing. His life is like one that runs to the Minster walk, to take a turn or two, and so passes. He hath

hath ſtayd in the World to fil a number; and when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end.

X.

A Church-Papiſt.

IS one that parts his Religion betwixt his conſcience and his purſe, and comes to Church not to ſerve God, but the King. The face of the Law makes him wear the maſk of the Goſpel, which he uſes not as a means to ſave his ſoul, but charges. He loves Poperie well, but is loth to loſe by it, and though he be ſomething ſcar'd with the Buls of Rome, yet they are far off, and he is ſtruck with more terrour at the Apparitor. Once a moneth he preſents himſelf at the Church, to keep off the Church-warden, and brings in his bodie to ſave his bayl. He kneels with the Congregation, but prays by himſelf, and aſks God forgiveneſs for coming thither. If he be forc'd to ſtay out a Sermon, he puts his hat over his eys, and frowns out the houre, and when he

he comes home, thinks to make amends for this fault, by abuſing the Preacher. His main policie is to ſhift off the Communion, for which he is never unfurniſht of a Quarrel, and will be ſure to be out of Charitie at Eaſter; and indeed lies not, for he has a quarrel to the Sacrament. He would make a bad Martyr, and good traveller, for his conſcience is ſo large he could never wander out of it: & in *Conſtantinople* would be Circumcis'd with a reſervation. His wife is more zealous, and therefore more coſtly, and he bates her in tyres, what ſhe ſtands him in Religion. But we leave him hatching plots againſt the State, and expecting *Spinola*.

XI.

A Self-conceited man.

IS one that knows himſelf ſo well that he does not know himſelf. Two excellent wel-dones have undone him; and he is guiltie, that firſt commended him to madneſs. He is now become his own book, which he

he poars on continually, yet like a truant-reader ſkips over the harſh places, and ſurveys onely that which is pleaſant. In the ſpeculation of his own good parts, his eyes like a drunkards ſee all double, and his fancie like an old mans ſpectacles, make a great letter in a ſmall print. He imagines every place where he comes his Theatre, and not a look ſtirring, but his ſpectatour; and conceives mens thoughrs to be very idle, that is, buſie about him. His walk is ſtill in the faſhion of a March, and like his opinion unaccompanyed, with his eyes moſt fixt upon his own perſon, or on others with reflection to himſelf. If he have done any thing that has paſt with applauſe, he is always re-acting it alone, and conceits the extaſie his hearers were in at every period. His diſcourſe is all poſitions, and definitive decrees, with thus it muſt be, and thus it is, and he will not humble his authoritie to prove it. His tenent is always ſingular, and aloof from the Vulgar as he can, from which you muſt not hope to wreſt him. He has an excellent humour for an Heretick, and in theſe days made

made the first Arminian. He prefers *Ramus* before *Aristotle*, and *Paracelsus* before *Galen*, and whosoever with most Paradox is commended; and *Lipsius* his hopping stile, before either *Tully* or *Quintillian*. He much pities the World, that has no more insight in his Parts, when he is too well discovered, even to this very thought. A flatterer is a dūce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what he knows before, and yet he loves him too, because he is like himself. Men are mercifull to him, and let him alone, for if he be once driven from his humour, he is like two inward friends fallen out; his own bitter enemie, and discontent presently makes a murtherer. In sum, he is a bladder blown up with wind, which the least flaw crushes to nothing.

XII.

A Tavern.

IS a degree (or if you will) a pair of stairs above an Alehouse, where men are drunk with more credit and Apolo-

Apologie. If the Vintners noſe be at door, it is a ſign ſufficient, but the abſence of this is ſupplied by the Ivie-buſh. The rooms are ill breath'd, like the drinkers that have bin waſht well over night, and are ſmelt to faſting next morning; not furniſht with beds apt to be defil'd, but more neceſſary implements, Stools, Table, and a Chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more news than hogs-heads, and more jeſts than news, which are ſuckt up here by ſome ſpungy brain, and from thence ſqueaz'd into a Comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noiſe, and this muſick above is anſwered with the clinking below. The Drawers are the civilleſt people in it, men of good bringing up, and howſoever we eſteem of them, none can boaſt more juſtly of their high calling. 'T is the beſt Theater of natures, where they are truly acted, not plaid, and the buſineſs, as in the reſt of the world up and down, to wit, from the bottom of the Cellar to the great Chamber. A melancholy Man would find here matter to work upon, to ſee Heads as brittle as Glaſſes, and ofter broken. Men come

come hither to quarrel, and come hither to be made friends: and if *Plutarch* will lend me his Simile, it is even *Telephus* his ſword that makes wounds, and cures them. It is the common conſumption of the Afternoon, and the murderer, or maker away of a rainy day. It is the Torrid Zone that ſcorches the face, and Tobacco the Gun-powder that blows it up. Much harm would be done, if the charitable Vintner had not Water ready for theſe flames. A houſe of ſin you may call it, but not a houſe of darkneſs, for the Candles are never out, and it is like thoſe Countries far in the North, where it is as clear at mid-night as at mid-day. After a long ſitting, it becomes like a ſtreet in a daſhing ſhower, where the ſpouts are fluſhing above, and the Conduits running below, while the Jordans, like ſwelling rivers, overflow their banks. To give you the total reckoning of it, It is the buſie man's Recreation, the idle man's Buſineſs, the melancholy man's Sanctuary, the Strangers Wel-come, the Innes of Court mans entertainment, the Scholars Kindneſs, and the Citizens Courteſie.

teſie. It is the Studie of ſparkling Wits, and a cup of Canary their Book, where we leave them.

XIII.

A too idly reſerv'd Man

IS one that is a fool with diſcretion, or a ſtrange piece of Politician, that mannages the ſtate of himſelf. His Actions are his Privie Councel, wherein no man muſt partake beſide. He ſpeaks under rule and preſcription, and dares not ſhew his teeth without *Machiavel*. He converſes with his neighbours as he would in *Spain*, and fears an inquiſitive man as much as the Inquiſition. He ſuſpects all queſtions for examinations, & thinks you would pick ſome thing out of him, and avoid you: His breaſt is like a Gentlewomans cloſet, which locks up every toy and triffle, or ſome Mountebank, that makes every ſtinking thing a ſecret. He delivers you comm n matters with great conjuration of ſilence, and whiſpers you in in the ear Acts of parliament. You may

may as ſoon wreſt a tooth from him as a paper, and whatſoever he reads is letters. He dares not talk of great men for fear of bad Comments, and he knows not how his words may be miſ-applied. Aſk his opinion, and he tells you his doubt: and he never hears any thing more aſtoniſhtly than what he knows before. His words are like the Cards at *Primiviſte*, where 6 is 18. and 7 21. for they never ſignifie what they ſound; but if he tell you he will do a thing, it is as much as if he ſwore he would not. He is one indeed that takes all men to be craftier than they are, and puts himſelf to a great deal of affliction to hinder their plots and deſigns, where they mean freely. He ha's been long a Riddle himſelf, but at laſt finds *Oedipuſſes*; for his over-acted diſſimulation diſcovers him, and men do with him as they would with Hebrew letters, ſpell him backward, and read him.

XIV.

A Shark

IS one, whom all other means have fail'd, and he now lives of himſelf. He is ſome needy caſheer'd fellow, whom the World ha's oft flung off, yet ſtill claſps again, and is like one drowning, faſtens upon any thing that's next at hand, amongſt other of his Ship-wracks, he ha's happily loſt Shame, and this want ſupplies him. No man puts his Brain to more uſe than he, for his life is a daily invention, and each meal a new ſtratagem. He ha's an excellent memory for his acquaintance, though there paſt but *how do you* betwixt them ſeven years ago, it ſhall ſuffice for an Embrace, and that for money. He offers you a Pottle of Sack out of his joy to ſee you, and in requital of this courteſie, you can do no leſs than pay for it. He is fumbling with his Purſe-ſtrings, as a School-boy with his points, when he is going to be whipt, till the Maſter, weary with his long Stay, forgives him. When the reckoning is paid, he ſayes it muſt not be ſo, it is

ſtraight

ſtraight pacified, and cryes, *What remedie.* His borrowings are like Subſidies, each man a ſhilling or two, as he can well diſpend, which they lend him, not with a hope to be repayed, but that he will come no more. He holds a ſtrange tyranny over men, for he is their debtour, and they fear him as a Creditour. He is proud of any imployment, though it be but to carry Commendations, which he will be ſure to deliver at eleven of the clock. They in courteſie bid him ſtay, and he in manners cannot deny them. If he find but a good look to aſſure his welcome, he becomes their half boarder, and haunts the threſhold ſo long, till he forces good natures to the neceſſity of a quarrel. Publick invitations he will not wrong with his abſence, and is the beſt witneſs of the Sheriffs Hoſpitality. Men ſhun him at length as they would do an infection, and he is never croſt in his way, if there be but a lane to eſcape him. He ha's done with the Age as his clothes to him, hung on as long as he could, and at laſt drops off.

XV.

A Carrier

IS his own Hackney-man, for he lets himself out to travel as well as his horses. He is the ordinary Embassador between Friend and Friend, and brings rich Presents to the one, but never returns any back again. He is no unletter'd man, though in shew simple, for questionless he has much in his Budget, which he can utter too in fit time and place; He is the Vault in *Gloster* Church, that conveyes Whispers at a distance; for he takes the sound out of your mouth at *York*, and makes it be heard as far as *London*. He is the young Students joy and expectation, and the most accepted guest, to whom they lend a willing hand to discharge him of his burthen. His first greeting is, *Your friends are well*; then in a piece of Gold delivers their Blessing. You would think him a Churlish blunt fellow, but they find in him many tokens of humanity. He is a great afflicter of the High-way, and beats them out of measure,

measure, which injury is sometimes revenged by the Purse-taker; and then the Voyage miscarries. No man domineers more in his Inn, nor calls his Host unreverently with more presumption, and this arrogance proceeds out of the strength of his horses. He forgets not his load where he takes his ease, for he is drunk commonly before he goes to bed. He is like the prodigal Child, still packing away, and still returning again. But let him pass.

XVI.

An old Colledge Butler

IS none of the worst Students in the house, for he keeps the set hours at his book more duly than any. His authority is great over mens good names, which he charges many times with shrewd aspersions, which they hardly wipe off without payment. His Box and Counters prove him to be a man of reckoning; yet he is stricter in his Accounts than an Usurer, and delivers not a farthing

without writing. He doubles the pain of *Gallobelgicus*, for his books go out once a quarter, and they are much in the same nature, brief notes and sums of affairs, and are out of request as soon. His comings in are like a Taylors, from the shreds of bread, the chippings, and remnant of the broken crust: excepting his vails from the barrel, which poor folks buy for their hogs, but drink themselves. He divides a half-peny loaf with more subtility than *Keckerman*, and sub-divides the *a primo ortum* so nicely, that a stomach of great capacity can hardly apprehend it. He is a very sober man considering his manifold temptations of drink and strangers, and if he be overseen, 'tis within his own liberties, and no man ought to take exceptions. He is never so well pleas'd with his place, as when a Gentleman is beholding to him for shewing him the Butterie, whom he greets with a cup of single beer & slyc'd manchet, and tells him 'tis the fashion of the Colledge. He domineers over Freshmen, when they first come to the Hatch, and puzzles them with strange language of Cues, and Cees, and some broken

broken Latine, which he ha's learnt at his Bin. His faculties extraordinary, is the warming of a pair of Cards, and telling out a douzen of Counters for Poſt and Pair, and no man is more methodical in theſe buſineſſes. Thus he ſpends his age, till the tap of it is run out, and then a freſh one is ſet abroach.

XVII.

An Up-ſtart Countrey Knight.

HIs honour was ſomewhat prepoſterous, for he bare the King's ſword before he had arms to wield it; yet being once laid o're the ſhoulder with a Knight-hood, he finds the Herauld his friend. His father was a man of good ſtock, though but a Tanner, or Uſurer; he purchas'd the Land, and his ſon the Title. He ha's doft off the name of a Clown, but the look not ſo eaſie, and his face bears ſtill a reliſh of Churn'd-milk. He is garded with more gold Lace, than all

the Gentlemen o'th Countrey, yet his body makes his clothes ſtill out of faſhion. His houſe-keeping is ſeen much in the diſtinct families of dogs, and Serving-men attendants on their kennels, and the deepneſs of their throats is the depth of his diſcourſe. A Hawk he eſteems the true burthen of Nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to ſeem delighted in the ſport, and have his fiſt Glov'd with his Jeſſes. A Juſtice of Peace he is to domineer in his Pariſh, and do his neighbour wrong with more right. And very ſcandalous he is in his authority, for no ſin almoſt which he will not commit. He will be drunk with his hunters for company, and ſtain his Gentility with droppings of Ale. He is fearfull of being Sheriff of the Shire by inſtinct, and dreads the Size week as much as the Priſoner. In ſum, he is but a clod of his own earth, or his Land is the Dung-hill, and he the Cock that crows over it. And commonly his race is quickly run, and his Childrens Children, though they ſcape hanging, return to the place from whence they came.

XVIII.

A Gallant

IS one that is born and ſhap'd for his Clothes: and if *Adam* had not faln, had liv'd to no purpoſe. He gratulates therefore the firſt ſin, and fig-leaves that were an occaſion of bravery. His firſt care is his dreſs, the next his body, and in the uniting of theſe two, lies his ſoul and its faculties. He obſerves *London* trulier than the Termers, and his buſineſs is the ſtreet: the Stage the Court, and thoſe places where a proper man is beſt ſhown. If he be qualified in gaming extroordinary, he is ſo much the more gentle and compleat, and he learns the beſt oaths for the purpoſe. Theſe are a great part of his diſcourſe, and he is as curious in their newneſs as the faſhion. His other talk is Ladies and ſuch pretty things, or ſome jeſt at a Play. His Pick-tooth bears a great part in his diſcourſe, ſo does his body; the upper parts whereof are as ſtarcht as his linnen, and perchance uſe the ſame Laundreſs. He ha's learnt

learnt to ruffle his face from his boot, and takes great delight in his walk to hear his Spurs gingle. Though his life paſs ſomewhat ſlidingly, yet he ſeems very carefull of the time, for he is ſtill drawing his Watch out of his Pocket, and ſpends part of his hours in numbering them. He is one never ſerious but with his Taylor, when he is in conſpiracy for the next device. He is furniſht with Jeſts, as ſome wanderer with Sermons, ſome three for all Congregations, one eſpecially againſt the Scholar, a man to him much ridiculous, whom he knows by no other definition, but a ſilly fellow in black. He is a kind of walking Mercers Shop, and ſhews you one Stuff to day, and another to morrow, an ornament to the Rooms he comes in, as the fair Bed and hangings be; and is meerly ratable accordingly, fifty or an hundred pound as his Suit is. His main ambition is to get a Knighthood, and then an old Lady, which if he be happy in, he fills the Stage and a Coach ſo much longer. Otherwiſe himſelf and his clothes grow ſtale together, & he is buried commonly ere he dies in the Goal, or the Countrey.

XIX.

A Constable

IS a Vice-Roy in the ſtreet, and no man ſtands more upon 't that he is the Kings Officer. His Juriſdiction extends to the next ſtocks, where he ha's . Commiſſion for the heels onely, and ſets the reſt of the body at liberty. He is a ſcare-crow to that Ale-houſe, where he drinks not his mornings draught,& apprehends a Drunkard for not ſtanding in the Kings name. Beggers fear him more than the Juſtice, and as much as the Whip-ſtock, whom he delivers over to his ſubordinate Magiſtrates, the Bridewell-man,and the Beadle. He is a great ſtickler in the tumults of double Jugges, and venters his head by his Place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace. He is never ſo much in his Majeſty as in his Night-watch, where he ſits in his Chair of State, a Shop-ſtall, and environ'd with a guard of Halberts, examines all paſſengers. He is a very carefull man in his Office, but if he ſtay up after mid-night,you ſhall take him napping.

XX.

A down-right Scholar

IS one that has much learning in the Ore, unwrought and untri'd, which time and experience faſhions and refines. He is good mettal in the in-ſide, though rough and unſcour'd without, and therefore hated of the Courtier, that is quite contrary. The time has got a vein of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition, and no unlucky abſurdity, but is put upon his profeſſion, and done like a Scholar. But his fault is onely this, that his mind is ſomewhat much taken up with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage beſides. He has not put on the quaint Garbe of the Age, which is now become a mans Total. He has not humbled his Meditations to the induſtrie of Complement, nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg. His body is not ſet upon nice Pins, to be turning and flexible for every motion, but his ſcrape is homely, and his nod worſe. He cannot kiſs his hand, and crie *Madam*,

nor

nor talk idly enough to bear her company. His ſmacking of a Gentlewoman is ſomewhat too ſavoury, and he miſtakes her noſe for her lip. A very Woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logick of a Capon. He has not the glib faculty of ſliding over a tale, but his words come ſqueamiſhly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the jeſt, He names this word *Colledge* too often, and his diſcourſe beats too much on the Univerſity. The perplexity of mannerlineſs will not let him feed, and he is ſharp ſet at an argument when he ſhould cut his meat. He is diſcarded for a gameſter at all Games but one and thirty, and at Tables he reaches not beyond Doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a Fiddle, but his fiſt is cluncht with the habit of diſputing. He aſcends a horſe ſomewhat ſiniſterly, though not on the left ſide, and they both go jogging in grief together. He is exceedingly cenſur'd by the *Inns a Court* men, for that hainous vice being out of faſhion. He cannot ſpeak to a Dog in his own Dialect, and underſtands Greek better than

the

the language of a Falconer. He has been uſed to a dark room, and dark Clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a Satin Doublet. The Hermitage of his Studie, has made him ſomewhat uncouth in the World, and men make him worſe by ſtaring on him. Thus is he ſilly and ridiculous, and it continues with him for ſome quarter of a year, out of the Univerſitie. But practiſe him a little in men, and bruſh him ore with good companie, and he ſhall out-ballance thoſe gliſterers as much as a ſolid ſubſtance do's a feather, or Gold Gold-lace.

XXI.

A Player.

HE knows the right uſe of the World, wherein he comes to play a part and ſo away. His life is not idle, for it is all Action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are upon him. His profeſſion has in it a kind of contradiction, for none is more diſlik'd, and yet none more applauded, and

and he has this misfortune of ſome Scholar, too much wit makes him a fool. He is like our painting Gentlewomen, ſeldom in his own face, ſeldomer in his clothes, and he pleaſes the better he counterfeits, except onely when he is diſguiſed with ſtraw for gold lace. He does not noely perſonate on the Stage, but ſometime in the Street, for he is maſk'd ſtill in the habit of a Gentleman. His parts find him oaths and good words, which he keeps for his uſe and diſcourſe, and makes ſhew with them of a faſhionable Companion. He is tragical on the Stage, but rampant in the Tyring-houſe, and ſwears oaths there which he never con'd. The waiting-women Spectatours are over ears in love with him, and Ladies ſend for him to act in their chambers. Your Innes of Court-men were undone but for him, he is their chief gueſt and imployment, and the ſole buſineſs that makes them After-noons-men. The Poet onely is his Tyrant, and he is bound to make his friends friend drunk at his charges. Shrove-tueſday he fears as much as the Bauds, and Lent is more damage to him than the Butcher.

Butcher. He was never ſo much diſcredited as in one Act, and that was of Parliament, which gives Hoſtlers Priviledge before him, for which he abhors it more than a corrupt Judge. But to give him his due, one well-furniſht Actour has enough in him for five common Gentlemen, and if he have a good bodie for ſize, and for reſolution, he ſhall challenge any *Cato*, for it has been his practiſe to die bravely.

XXII.

A Detractor

IS one of a more cunning and active envie, wherewith he gnaws not fooliſhly himſelf, but throws it abroad and would have it bliſter others. He is commonly ſome weak-parted fellow, and worſe minded, yet is ſtrangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them down with his Tongue to his own poorneſs. He is indeed like the red Dragon that purſued the Woman, for when he cannot

not over-reach another, he opens his mouth and throws a floud after to drown him. You cannot anger him worſe than to do well, and he hates you more bitterly for this, than if you had cheated him of his patrimonie with his own diſcredit. He is always ſlighting the general opinion, and wondering why ſuch and ſueh men ſhould be applauded. Commend a good Divine, he cries Poſtilling; a Philologer, Pedantrie; a Poet, Rhyming; a School-man, Dull wrangling; a Sharp Conceit, Boyiſhneſs; an Honeſt man, Plauſibilitie. He comes to publick things not to learn, but to catch, and if there be but one ſoloeciſm, that's all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepared ſowreneſs, and is ſtill furniſht with a Piſh before hand, or ſome muſtie Proverb that diſreliſhes all things whatſoever. If fear of the companie make him ſecond a commendation, it is like a Law-writ, always with a clauſe and exception, or to ſmooth the way to ſome greater ſcandal. He will grant you ſomething, and bate more; and this bating ſhall in concluſion take away all he granted. His

ſpeech

ſpeech concludes ſtill with an Oh but, and I could wiſh one thing amended; and this one thing ſhall be enough to deface all his former commendations. He will be very inward with a man to fiſh ſome bad out of him, and make his ſlanders hereafter more authentick, when it is ſaid a friend reported it. He will invegle you to naughtineſs to get your good name into his clutches, and make you drunk to ſhew you reeling. He paſſes the more plauſibly, becauſe all men have a ſmatch of his humour, and it is thought freeneſs, which is malice. If he can ſay nothing of a man, he will ſeem to ſpeak riddles, as if he could tell ſtrange ſtories if he would: and when he has rackt his invention to the uttermoſt, he ends: But I wiſh him well, and therefore muſt hold my peace. He is always liſtening and enquiring after men, and ſuffers not a cloak to paſs by him unexamin'd. In brief, he is one that has loſt all good himſelf, and is loth to find it in another.

XXIV.

A meer Young Gentleman of the Univerſitie

IS one that comes there to wear a gown, and to ſay hereafrer, he has been at the Univerſitie. His Father ſent him thither, becauſe he heard there were the beſt Fencing and Dancing Schools, from theſe he has his Education, from his Tutor the overſight. The firſt Element of his knowledge is to be ſhewn the Colledges, and initiated in a Tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himſelf. The two marks of his ſenioritie, is the bare Velvet of his gown, and his proficiencie at Tennis, where when he can once play a Set, he is a Freſh man no more. His Studie has commonly handſome Shelves, his Books, neat Silk ſtrings, which he ſhews to his Fathers man, and is loth to untie or take down for fear of miſplacing. Upon foul days for recreation he retires thither, and looks over the prety

prettie book his Tutor reads to him, which is commonly ſome ſhort Hiſtorie, or a piece of *Euphormio*; for which his Tutor gives him Money to ſpend next day. His main loytering is at the Library, where he ſtudies Arms, and turns a Gentle-man-Critick in Pedegrees. Of all things he endures not to be miſtaken for a Scholar, and hates a black ſuit though it be of Sattin. His companion is ordinarily ſome ſtale Fellow, that has been notorious for Gold Hat-bands, whom he admires at firſt, afterward ſcorns. If he have ſpirit or wit, he may light of better companie, and may learn ſome flaſhes of wit, which may do him Knights-ſervice in the Countrey hereafter. But he is now gone to the Innes of Court, where he ſtudies to forget what he learn'd before, his acquaintance and the faſhion.

XXIV.

A Pot-Poet

IS the dregs of wit; yet mingled with good drink may have ſome reliſh.

reliſh. His Inſpirations are more real than others; for they do but feign a God, but he has his by him. His Verſes run like the Tap, and his Invention as the Barrel, ebs and flows at the mercie of the Spiggot. In thin drink he aſpires not above a Ballad, but a cup of Sack inflames him, and ſets his Muſe and Noſe afire together. The Preſs is his Mint, and ſtamps him now and then a ſix pence or two in reward of the baſer coyn his Pamphlet. His works would ſcarce ſell for three half pence, though they are given oft for three Shillings, but for the prettie Title that allures the Countrie Gentleman: and for which the Printer maintains him in Ale a Fortnight. His Verſes are like his clothes, miſerable Cento's and patches, yet their pace is not altogether ſo hobling as an Almanack. The death of a great man, or the burning of a houſe furniſh him with an Argument, and the nine Muſes are out ſtraight in mourning gown, and *Melpomine* cries, Fire, Fire. His other Poems are but Briefs in Rhyme, and like the poor Greeks collections to redeem from captivitie. He is a man now much imploy'd

ploy'd in commendations of our Navie, and a bitter inveigher againſt the Spaniard. His frequent'ſt Works go out in ſingle ſheets, and are chanted from Market to Market, to a vile tune, and a worſe throat: whil'ſt the poor Countrey Wench melts like her butter to hear them. And theſe are the Stories of ſome men of Tiburn, or a ſtrange Monſter out of Germanie: or ſitting in a Baudie-houſe, he writes Gods Judgements. He ends at laſt in ſome obſcure painted Cloth to which himſelf made the Verſes, and his life, like a Canne too full, ſpils upon the Bench. He leaves twentie ſhillings on the ſcore, which my Hoſteſs looſes.

XXV.

A Cook.

THe Kitchin is his Hell, & he the Divel in it, where his meat and he frie together. His Revenues are ſhowr'd down from the fat of the Land, and he enterlards his own greaſe among to help the drippings. Chole-

Cholerick he is, not by nature ſo much as his Art, and it is a ſhrewd temptation that the Chopping-Knife is ſo near. His weapons ofter offenſive, are a Meſs of hot Broth and ſcalding water, and wo be to him that comes in his way. In the Kitchin he will domineer, and rule the Roaſt in ſpight of his Maſter, and Curſes are the very Dialect of his Calling. His labour is meer bluſtering and furie, and his Speech like that of Saylors in a ſtorm, a thouſand buſineſſes at once, yet in all this tumult he does not love combuſtion, but will be the firſt man that ſhall go and quench it. He is never good Chriſtian till a hizzing Pot of Ale has ſlak't him, like Water caſt on a fire-brand, and for that time he is tame and diſpoſſeſt. His cunning is not ſmall in Architecture, for he builds ſtrange Fabricks in Paſte, Towers and Caſtles, which are offered to the aſſault of valiant teeth, and like *Darius* his Palace, in one Banquet demoliſht. He is a pitileſs murderer of Innocents, and he mangles poor fowls with unheard of tortures, and it is thought the Martyrs perſecutions were devi-

ſed from hence, ſure we are, Saint *Lawrence* his Gridiron came out of his Kitchin. His beſt faculty is at the Dreſſer, where he ſeems to have great ſkill in the Tactikes, ranging his Diſhes in order, Military: and placing with great diſcretion in the fore-front meats more ſtrong and hardy, and the more cold and cowardly in the rear, as quaking Tarts, and quivering Cuſtards, and ſuch milk-ſop Diſhes, which ſcape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the ſecond Courſe is gone up, and he down into the Cellar, where he drinks and ſleeps till four a clock in the After noon, and then returns again to his Regiment.

XXVI.

A forward bold Man

IS a luſty Fellow in a Crowd, that's beholding more to his elbow than his legs, for he does not go, but thruſts well. He is a good ſhuffler in the world, wherein he is ſo oft puting forth, that at length he puts on.

He

He can do ſomething, but dare do much more, and is like a deſperate Souldier, who will aſſault any thing where he is ſure not to enter. He is not ſo well-opinion'd of himſelf, as induſtrious to make others; and think no vice ſo prejudicial as bluſhing. He is ſtill citing for himſelf, that a candle ſhould not be hid under a buſhel, and for his part, he will be ſure not to hide his, though his Candle be but a ſnuff, or Ruſh candle. Theſe few good parts he has, he is no niggard in diſplaying, and is like ſome needy flanting Gold-ſmith, nothing in the inner room, but all on the cupboard: If he be a Scholar, he has commonly ſtept into the Pulpit before a degree; yet into that too before he deſerv'd it. He never defers S^t. *Mary's* beyond his regency, and his next Sermon is at *Pauls* Croſs, & that printed. He loves publick things alike: and for any ſolemn entertainmēt he will find a mouth, find a ſpeech who will. He is greedy of great acquaintance and many, and thinks it no ſmall advācement to riſe to be known. His talk at the table is like *Benjamins* Meſs, five times to his part, and no

argument ſhuts him out for a quarrellour. Of all diſgraces he endures not to be *Non-pluſt*, and had rather flie for Sanctuary to *Non-ſenſe*, which few can deſcrie, than to nothing at all. His boldneſs is beholding to other mens modeſtie, which reſcues him many times from a Baffle, yet his face is good Armour, and he is daſht out of any thing ſooner than Countenance. Groſſer conceits are puzzel'd in him for a rare man, and wiſer men, though they know him, take him for their pleaſure, or as they would do a Sculler for being next at hand. Thus preferment at laſt ſtumbles on him, becauſe he is ſtill in the way. His Companions that flouted him before, now envy him, when they ſee him come ready for Scarlet, whileſt themſelves lie muſtie in their old Clothes and Colledges.

XXVII.

A Baker.

NO man verifies the Proverb more, that it is an Almſ deed to pu-

puniſh him: for his penalty is a Dole, and does the Begger as much good as their Dinner. He abhors therefore works of Charitie, and thinks his bread caſt away when it is given to the poor. He loves not Juſtice neither, for the weigh-scales ſake, and hates the Clark of the Market as his Executioner: yet he finds mercy in his offences, and his Baſket onely is ſent to Priſon. Marry a Pillory is his deadly enemie, and he never hears well after.

XXVIII.

A plain countrey Fellow

IS one that manures his ground well, but lets himſelf lie fallow and untill'd. He ha's reaſon enough to do his buſineſs, and not enough to be idle or melancholly. He ſeems to have the judgement of *Nebuchadnezzar*: for his converſation is among beaſts, and his talons none of the ſhorteſt, onely he eats not graſs, becauſe he loves not Sallets. His hand guids

guids the Plough, and the Plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expoſtulates with his Oxen very underſtandingly, and ſpeaks *Gee* and *Ree* better than Engliſh. His mind is not much diſtracted with objects: but if a good fat Cow come in his way, he ſtands dumb and aſtoniſht, and though his haſte be never ſo great, will fix here half an hours contemplation. His habitation is ſome poor thacht Roof, diſtinguiſh'd from his Barn, by the loop-holes that let out ſmoke, which the rain had long ſince waſht thorow, but for the double Seeling of Bacon on the inſide, which has hung there from his Grandſires time, and is yet to make raſhers for poſterity. His Dinner is his other work, for he ſweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible faſtener on a piece of Beef, and you may hope to ſtave the Guard off ſooner. His Religion is a part of his Copie-hold, which he takes from his Land-lord, and refers it wholly to his diſcretion. Yet if he give him leave, he is a good Chriſtian to his power, (that is) comes to Church in his beſt clothes,

clothes, and ſits there with his neighbours, where he is capable onely of two Prayers, for Rain and fair Weather. He apprehends Gods bleſſings onely in a Good Year, or a Fat paſture, and never praiſes him but on good ground. Sunday he eſteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a Bag-pipe as eſſential to it, as Evening-Prayer, where he walks very ſolemnly, after Service, with his hands coupled behind him, and cenſures the dauncing of his pariſh. His complement with his Neighbour, is a good thump on the back; and his ſalutation, commonly ſome blunt Curſe. He thinks nothing to be vices but Pride and ill huſbandry, from which he will gravely diſſwade youth, and has ſome thriftie Hob-nail Proverbs to clout his diſcourſe. He is a niggard all the Week except onely Market-day, where if his Corn ſell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conſcience. His feet never ſtinck ſo unbecommingly, as when he trots after a Lawyer in *Weſtminſter*-Hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard ſcraping, in beſeeching of his VVorſhip to

take his money. He is ſenſible of no calamitie but the burning of a Stack of Corn, or the over-flowing of a Meadow, and thinks *Noahs* Floud the greateſt Plague that ever was, not becauſe it drowned the World, but ſpoil'd the Graſs. For Death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his Harveſt before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

XXIX.

A Young-man.

HE is now out of Natures protection, though not yet able to guide himſelf; but left looſe to the World and Fortune, from which the weakneſs of his Childhood preſerv'd him: and now his ſtrength expoſes him. He is indeed juſt of age to be miſerable, yet in his own conceit firſt begins to be happy; and he is happier in this imagination, and his miſery not felt is leſs. He ſees yet but the outſide of the World and Men, and conceives them according to their appearing gliſter, and out of this

this ignorance believes them. He purſues all vanities for happineſs, and enjoyes them beſt in this fancy. His reaſon ſerves not to curb, but underſtand his appetite, and proſecute the motions thereof with a more eager earneſtneſs. Himſelf is his own temptation, and needs not Satan, and the World will come hereafter. He leaves repentance for gray hairs, and performs it in being covetous. He is mingled with the vices of the Age as the faſhion and cuſtome, with which he longs to be acquainted; and Sins to better his underſtanding. He conceives his Youth as the ſeaſon of his Luſt, and the Hour wherein he ought to be bad: and becauſe he would not loſe his time, ſpends it. He diſtaſts Religion as a ſad thing, and is ſix years elder for a thought of Heaven. He ſcorns and fears, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrincles. He loves and hates with the ſame inflammation: and when the heat is over, is cool enough to friends and enemies. His friendſhip is ſeldom ſo ſtedfaſt, but that luſt, drink, or anger may over-turn it. He offers you his bloud

to day in kindneſs, and is ready to take yours to morrow. He does ſeldom any thing which he wiſhes not to do again, and is onely wiſe after a misfortune. He ſuffers much for his knowledge, and a great deal of folly it is makes him a wiſe man. He is free from many Vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is onely more virtuous out of weakneſs. Every action is his danger, and every man his ambuſh. He is a Ship without Pilot or Tackling, and onely good fortune may ſteer him. If he ſcape this age, he has ſcap'd a Tempeſt, and may live to be a Man.

XXX.

The common Singing-men in Cathedral churches

ARe a bad Society, and yet a company of good Fellows, that roar deep in the Quire, deeper in the Tavern. They are the eighth part of ſpeech, which go to the Syntaxis of Service, and are diſtinguiſh't by their noiſes

noiſes much like Bells, for they make not a Conſort but a Peal. Their paſtime or recreation is prayers, their exerciſe drinking, yet herein ſo religiouſly addicted that they ſerve God oftenſt when they are drunk. Their humanity is a leg to the Reſidencer, their learning a Chapter, for they learn it commonly before they read it, yet they old Hebrew names, are little beholding to them, for they miſcall them worſe than one another. Though they never expound the ſcripture, they handle it much, & pollute the goſpel with two things, their converſation, and their thumbs. Upon Worky-days they behave themſelves at Prayers as at their Pots, for they ſwallow them down in an inſtant. Their gowns are lac't commonly with ſtreamings of Ale, the ſuperfluities of cups or throat above meaſure. Their ſkill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their Anthems abler to ſing Catches. Long-liv'd for the moſt part they are not, eſpecially the Baſe, they over-flow their bank ſo oft to drown the Organs. Briefly, if they eſcape arreſting, they die conſtantly in God's

ſer-

ſervice; and to take their death with more patience, they have Wine and Cakes at their Funeral: and now they keep the Church a great deal better, and help to fill it with their bones, as before with their noiſe.

XXXI.

A Pretender to Learning

IS one that would make others more fools than himſelf; for though he know nothing, he would not have the world to know ſo much. He conceits nothing in Learning but the opinion, which he ſeeks to purchaſe without it, though he might with leſs labour cure his ignorance than hide it. He is indeed a kind of Scholar-Mountebank, and his Art, our deluſion. He is trickt out in all the accoutrements of Learning, and at the firſt encounter none paſſes better. He is oftener in his ſtudy, than at his Book, and you cannot pleaſure him better, than to deprehend him. Yet he hears you not till the third knock, and

and then comes out very angrie, as interrupted. You find him in his Slippers, & a Pen in his ear, in which formalitie he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some Classick Folio, which is as constant to it as the Carpet, and hath laid open in the same Page this half year. His Candle is always a longer sitter up than himself, and the boast of his Window at Mid-night. He walks much alone in the posture of Meditation; and has a Book still before his face in the Fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek Testament, or Hebrew Bible, which he opens onely in the Church, and that when some Stander-by looks over. He has his sentences for Companie, some scatterings of *Seneca* and *Tacitus*, which are good upon all occasions. If he read any thing in the morning, it comes up all at Dinner: and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great *Plagiarie* of Tavern wit; and comes to Sermons onely that he may talk of *Austin*. His Parcels are the meer scrapings from Companie, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wonderously capricious to seem a judge-

judgement, and liſtens with a ſowre attentention, to what he underſtands not: He talks much of *Scaliger* & *Cauſabone* and the Jeſuites, & prefers ſome unheard-of Dutch name before them all. He has verſes to bring in upon theſe and theſe hints, and it ſhall go hard but he will winde in his opportunitie. He is crittical in a lauguage he cannot conſter, and ſpeaks ſeldom under *Arminius* in Divinitie. His buſineſs, and retirement, and caller away is his Studie, and he proteſts no delight to it comparable. He is a great Nomen-clator of Authours, which he has read in general in the Catalogue, and in particular in the Title, and goes ſeldom ſo far as the Dedication. He never talks of any thing but Learning, and learns all from Talking. Three encounters with the ſame men pump him, and then he onely puts in, or gravely ſays nothing. He has taken pains to be an Aſs, though not to be a Scholar, and is at length diſcovered and laught at.

XXXII.

A Shop-keeper.

HIs Shop is his well ſtuft Book, and himſelf the Title page of it, or Index. He utters much to all men, though he ſels but to a few, and intreats for his own neceſſities by asking others what they lack. No man ſpeaks more and no more, for his Words are like his Wares, twentie of one ſort, and he goes over them alike to all commers. He is an arrogant commender of his own things; for whatſoever he ſhews you, is the beſt in the Town, though the worſt in his Shop. His Conſcience was a thing that would have laid upon his hands, he was forc't to put it off: and makes great uſe of honeſtie to profeſs upon. He tels you Lyes by rote, and not minding, as the Phraſe to ſell in, and the Language he ſpent moſt of his years to learn. He never ſpeaks ſo truly, as when he ſays he would uſe you as his brother, for he would abuſe his brother; and in his Shop, thinks it lawfull. His Religion is much in the nature of his Cuſtomers, & indeed the

Pander

Pander to it: and by a misinterpreted sence of Scripture makes a gain of his Godliness. He is your slave while you pay him readie Money, but if he once be-friend you, your Tyrant, and you had better deserve his hate than his trust.

XXXIII.

A handsom Hostess

IS the fairer commendation of an Inne, above the fair Sign or fair Lodgings. She is the Load-stone that attracts men of Iron, Gallants and Roarers, where they cleave sometimes long, and are not easily got off. Her lips are your welcome, and your entertainment her companie, which is put into the Reckoning too, and is the deerest parcel in it: No Citizens wife is demurer than she at the first greeting, nor draws in her mouth with a chaster simper, but you may be more familiar without distast, and she does not startle at Baudrie. She is the confusion of a Pottle of Sack more than would have been spent else-

else-where, and her little Jugs are accepted, to have her kiss excuse them. She may be an honest woman, but is not beleev'd so in her Parish, and no man is a greater Infidel in it than her Husband.

XXXIV.

A Blunt Man

IS one whose wit is better pointed than his behaviour, & that course, and Impolisht, not out of Ignorance so much as Humour. He is a great enemie to the fine Gentle-man, and these things of Complement, and hates Ceremonie in Conversation, as the Puritan in Religion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double-dealing, and suspects all smoothness for the dress of Knaverie. He starts at the encounter of a Salutation, as an assault, and beseeches you in choller to forbear your courtesie. He loves not any thing in Discourse that comes before the purpose, and is always suspitious of a Preface. Himself fals rudely still on his matter without any circum-

circumſtance, except he uſe an old Proverb for an Introduction. He ſwears old out of date innocent oaths, as by the Maſs, by our Ladie, and ſuch like, and though there be Lords preſent, he cries, My Maſters. He is exceedly in love with his Humour, which makes him always proclaim it, and you muſt take what he ſays patiently, becauſe he is a plain man. His nature is his excuſe ſtill, and other mens Tyrant: for he muſt ſpeak his mind, & that is his worſt, & craves your pardon moſt injuriouſly for not pardoning you. His Jeſts beſt become him, becauſe they come from him rudely and unaffected: and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do more than he will ſpeak, and yet ſpeak more than he will hear: for though he love to touch others, he is teachy himſelf, and ſeldom to his own abuſes replies but with his Fiſts. He is as ſqueazie of his commendations as his courteſie, and his good word is like an Elogie in a Satyre. He is generally better favour'd than he favours, as being commonly wel expounded in his bitterneſs, and no man

man ſpeaks treaſon more ſecurely. He chides great men with moſt boldneſs, and is counted for it an honeſt fellow. He is grumbling much in the behalf of the Common-wealth, and is in Priſon for it with credit. He is generally honeſt, but more generally thought ſo, and his down-rightneſs credits him, as a man not well bended and crookend to the times. In concluſion, he is not eaſily bad, in whom this qualitie is Nature, but the counterfeit is moſt dangerous, ſince he is diſguiſed in a humour that profeſſes not to diſguiſe.

XXXV.

A Critick

IS one that has ſpeld over a great many of Books, and his obſervation is the Orthographie. He is the Surgeon of old Authours, and heals the wounds of duſt and ignorance. He converſes much in fragments and *D-ſunt multa's*, and if he piece it up with two Lines, he is more proud of that Book

Book than the Authour. He runs over all Sciences to peruſe their Syntaxis, and thinks all Learning compris'd in writing Latin. He taſts Styles, as ſome diſcreeter Palats do Wine; and tels you which is Genuine, which Sophiſticare and baſtard. His own Phraſe is a Miſcellanie of old words, deceaſed long before the *Cæſars*, and entomb'b by *Varro*, and the moderneſt man he follows, is *Plautus*. He writes *Omneis* at length, and *quicquid*, and his Gerund is moſt inconformable. He is a trouble troubleſom vexer of the dead, which after ſo long ſparing, muſt riſe up to the Judgement of his caſtigations. He is one that makes all books ſell dearer, whilſt he ſwels them into Folio's with his Comments.

XXXV.

A Sergeant or Catch-pol

IS one of Gods Judgements; and which our Roarers do onely conceive terrible. He is the propereſt ſhape wherein they fancie Satan; for he

he is at moſt but an Arreſter, and Hell a Dungeon. He is the Creditors Hawk, wherewith they ſeaze upon flying Birds, and fetch them again in his Tallons. He is the Period of young Gentlemen, or their full ſtop, for when he meets with them they can go no further. His Ambuſh is a Shop-ſtall, or cloſe Lane, and his Aſſault is cowardly at your back. He reſpites you in no place but a Tavern, where he ſels his Minutes dearer than a Clock-maker. The common way to run from him, is through him, which is often attempted and atchieved, and no man is ofter beaten out of Charitie. He is one makes the Street more dangerous than the High-ways, and men go better provided in their Walks than their Journey. He is the firſt handſel of the young Rapiers of the Templers, and they are as proud of his repulſe, as an Hungarian of killing a Turk. He is a moveable Priſon, and his hands two Manacles hard to be fil'd off. He is an occaſioner of diſloyal thoughts in the Common-wealth, for he makes men hate the Kings Name worſe than the Devils.

XXXVII.

A Weak Man

IS one whom Nature huddled up in haſte and left his beſt part unfiniſh't. The reſt of him is grown to be a man, onely his brain ſtays behind. He is a man that has not improv'd his firſt rudiments, nor attain'd any proficiency by his ſtay in the World: but we may ſpeak of him yet, as when he was in the budde, a good harmleſs nature, a well meaning mind, if he could order his intentions. It is his miſery that he now moſt wants a Tutor, and is too old to have one. He is two ſteps above a fool, and a great many moe below a wiſe man: yet the fool is oft given him, and by thoſe whom he eſteems moſt. Some tokens of him are: He loves men better upon relation than experience: for he is exceedingly enamour'd of Strangers, and none quicklier a weary of his friends. He charges you at firſt meeting with all his ſecrets, and on better acquaintance grows more reſerv'd. Indeed he is one that miſtakes much his

his abuſers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and he apprehends your hate in nothing ſo much, as in good counſel. One that is flexible with any thing but reaſon, and then onely perverſe; and you may better entice than perſwade him. A ſervant to every tale and flatterer, and whom the laſt man ſtill works over. A great affecter of wits and ſuch pretineſſes; and his company is coſtly to him, for he ſeldom has it but invited. His friendſhip commonly is begun in a ſupper, and loſt in lending money. The Tavern is a dangerous place to him, for to drink and to be drunk, is with him all one, and his brain is ſooner quench't than his thirſt. He is drawn into naughtineſs with company, but ſuffers alone, and the Baſtard commonly laid to his charge. One that will be patiently abuſ'd, and take exceptions a moneth after when he underſtands it, and cannot endear him more than by couzening him, and it is a temptation to thoſe that would not. One diſcoverable in all fillineſſes to all mē but himſelf, & you may take any mans knowledge of him better than his own. He will promiſe the ſame thing to twenty

and

and rather than denie one, break with all. One that has no power o're himſelf, o're his buſineſs, o're his friends: but a prey and pitie to all: and if his fortunes once ſink, men quickly crie, Alas, and forget him.

XXXVIII.

A Tobacco-ſeller

IS the onely man that finds good in it, which others brag of, but do not; for it is meat. drink, and clothes to him. No man opens his ware with greater ſerioufneſs, or challenges your judgement more in the approbation. His Shop is the Randevouz of Spitting, where men dialogue with their Noſes, and their communication is Smoke. It is the place onely where Spain is commended, and prefer'd before England it ſelf. He ſhould be well experienc'd in the World: for he has daily trial of mens noſtrils, and none is better acquainted with humours. He is the Piecing commonly of ſome other Trade, which is Baud to his Tobacco, and that to his Wife, which is the flame that follows this ſmoke.

XLI.

A Plauſible Man

IS one that would fain run an even path in the World, and jutt againſt no man. His endeavour is not to offend, and his aim the general opinion. His converſation is a kind of continued Complement, and his life a practice of manners. The relation he bears to others, a kind of faſhionable reſpect, not friendſhip, but friēdlineſs, which is equal to all, and general, and his kindneſſes ſeldom exceed courteſies. He loves not deeper mutualities, becauſe he would not take ſides, nor hazard himſelf on diſpleaſures, which he principally avoids. At your firſt acquaintance with him, he is exceeding kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after but friendly ſtill. He has an excellent command over his patience and tongue, eſpecially the laſt, which he accommodates always to the times and perſons, and ſpeaks ſeldom what is ſincere, but what is civil. He is one that uſes all compa-

nies, drinks all Healths, and is reasonable cool in all Religions. He can listen to a foolish Discourse with an applausive attention, and conceal his Laughter at Non-sense. Silly men much honour and esteem him, because by his fair reasoning with them, as with men of understanding, he puts them into an erroneous opinion of themselves, and makes them forwarder hereafter to their own discoverie. He is one rather well thought on, than belov'd, and that love he has, is more of whole Companies together, than any one in particular. Men gratifie him notwithstanding with a good report, and what-ever vices he has besides, yet having no enemies, he is sure to be an honest fellow.

XLI. *The*

XLI.

The Worlds Wise Man

IS an able and sufficient wicked man; it is a proof of his sufficiency, that he is not called wicked, but wise. A man wholly determin'd in himself and his own ends, and his instrument, herein any thing that will do it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they serve this work, us'd or laid by. Indeed he knows not this thing of friend, but if he give you the name it is a sign he has a plot on you. Never more active in his businesses, than when they are mixt with some harm to others: and 'tis his best play in this Game, to strike off and lie in the place. Successefull commonly in these undertakings, because he passes smoothly those rubs which others stumble at, as Conscience & the like: & gratulates himself much in this advantage: Oaths & falshood he counts the neareſt way, and loves not by any means to go about. He has many fine quips at this folly of plain dealing, but his tush is greateſt at Religion, yet

he uſes this too, and Virtue and good Words, but is leſs dangerouſly a devil than a Saint. He aſcribes all honeſty to an un-practic'dneſs in the World: and Conſcience a thing meerly for Children. He ſcorns all that are ſo ſilly to truſt him, and onely not ſcorns his enemy, eſpecially if as bad as himſelf: He fears him as a man well arm'd, and provided, but ſets boldly on good natures, as the moſt vanquiſhable One that ſeriouſly admires thoſe worſt Princes, as *Sporza*, *Borgia*, and *Richard* the Third: and calls matters of deep villany, things of difficultie. To whom murders are but reſolute Acts, and Treaſon a buſineſs of great conſequence. One whom two or three Countries make up to this compleatneſs, and he has travel'd for the purpoſe. His deepeſt indearment is a communication of miſchief, and then onely you have him faſt. His concluſion is commonly one of theſe two; either a Great Man, or hang'd.

XLII.

A Bowl-Alley

IS the place where there are three things thrown away beſides Bowls, *to wit*, Time, Money, and Curſes, and the laſt, ten for one. The beſt ſport in it is the Gameſters, and he enjoys it that looks on and bets not. It is the School of wrangling, and worſe than the Schools, for men will cavil here for an hairs breadth, and make a ſtir where a ſtraw would end the controverſie. No Antick ſcrews mens bodies into ſuch ſtrange flexures, and you would think them here ſenſeleſs, to ſpeak ſenſe to their Bowl, and put their truſt to intreaty, for a good caſt. The Betters are the factious noiſe of the Alley, or the Gameſters Beadſmen that pray for them. They are ſomewhat like thoſe that are cheated by Great men, for they loſe their money, and muſt ſay nothing. It is the beſt diſcovery of humours, eſpecially in the loſers, where you have fine variety of impatience, whileſt ſome fret, ſome rail, ſome ſwear, and

cthers more ridiculouſly comfort themſelves with Philoſophie. To give you the Moral of it; It is the Emblem of the world, or the worlds ambition: where moſt are ſhort, or over, or wide or wrong Byas't, and ſome few juſtle in to the Miſtriſs Fortune. And it is here as in the Court, where the neareſt are more frighted, and all blows aim'd at the Toucher.

XLIII.

A Chyrurgion

IS one that has ſome buſineſs about his Building or little houſe of man, whereof Nature is as it were the Tyler, and he the Playſterer. It is ofter out of reparations, than an old Parſonage, and then he is ſet on work to patch it again. He deals moſt with broken Commodities, as a broken Head, or a mangled Face; and his gains are very ill got; for he lives by the hurts of the Common-wealth. He differs from a Phyſician, as a Sore do's from a Diſeaſe, or the ſick from thoſe that are not whole, the one di-

diſtempers you within, the other bliſters you without. He complains of the decay of Valour in theſe days, and ſighs for that ſlaſhing Age of Sword and Buckler; and thinks the Law againſt Duels was made meerly to wound his Vocation. He had been long ſince undone, if the charity of the Stews had not relieved him, from whom he has his Tribute as duly as the Pope, or a wind-fall ſometimes from a Taverne, if a Quart-pot hit right. The rareneſs of his cuſtom makes him pitileſs when it comes: and he holds a Patient longer than our Courts a Cauſe. He tells you what danger you had been in if he had ſtaid but a minute longer, and though it be but a prickt finger, he makes of it much matter. He is a reaſonable cleanly man, conſidering the Scabs he has to deal with, and your fineſt Ladies now and then are beholding to him for their beſt dreſſings. He curſes old Gentlewomen, and their charity, that makes his Trade their Alms: but his envie is never ſtirr'd ſo much, as when Gentlemen go over to fight upon CALICE Sands: whom he

wiſhes drown'd ere they come there, rather than the French ſhall get his Cuſtom.

XLIV.

A She preciſe Hypocrite

IS one in whom good Women ſuffer, and have their truth miſ-interpreted by her folly.

She is one, ſhe knows not what her ſelf if you aſk her, but ſhe is indeed one that has taken a toy at the faſhion of Religion, and is enamour'd of the New-fangle. She is a Non-conformiſt in a cloſe Stomacher and Ruff of *Geneva* Print, and her puritie conſiſts much in her Linnen. She has heard of the Rag of *Rome*, and thinks it a very ſluttiſh Religion, and rayls at the Whore of *Babylon* for a very naughty Woman. She has left her Virginity as a Relique of Popery, and marries in her Tribe without a Ring. Her devotion at the Church is much in the turning up of her eye, and turniug down the leaf in her Book, when ſhe hears nam'd Chapter and

Verſe.

Verſe. When ſhe comes home, ſhe commends the Sermon for the Scripture, and two hours. She loves Preaching better than Praying, and of Preachers, Lecturers, and thinks the Week-dayes Exerciſe far more edifying than the Sundays. Her oftneſt Goſſipping are Sabaoth-days journeys, where (though an enemy to Superſtition) ſhe will go in Pilgrimage five mile to a ſilenc'd Miniſter, when there is a better Sermon in her own Pariſh. She doubts of the Virgin *Marie's* ſalvation, and dare not Saint her, but knows her own place in heaven as perfectly, as the Pew ſhe has a Key to. She is ſo taken up with Faith, ſhe has no room for Charity, and underſtands no good works, but what are wrought on the Sampler. She accounts nothing Vices but Superſtition, and an Oath, and thinks Adultery a leſs ſin, than to ſwear by *my Truly*. She rayls at other women by the names of *Jezabel* and *Dalilah*: and calls her own daughters *Rebecca* and *Abigail*, and not *Anne* but *Hannah*. She ſuffers them not to learn on the Virginals, becauſe of their affinity with the Organs, but is recon-

cil'd to the Bels for the Chymes ſake, ſince they were reform'd to the tune of a Pſalm. She overflows ſo with the Bible, that ſhe ſpils it upon every occaſion, and will not Cudgel her Maids without Scripture. It is a queſtion whether ſhe is more troubled with the Devil, or the Devil with her: ſhe is always challenging and daring him, and her weapons are Spels no leſs potent than different, as being the ſage Sentences of ſome of her own Sectaries. Nothing angers her ſo much, as that Women cannot preach, and in this point onely thinks the Browniſt erroneous: but what ſhe cannot at the Church, ſhe do's at the Table, where ſhe prattles more than any againſt ſence, and Antichriſt, till a Capons wing ſilence her. She expounds the Prieſts of *Baal*, Reading Miniſters, and thinks the Salvation of that Pariſh as deſperate as the *Turks*. She is a main derider to her capacity of thoſe that are not her Preachers, and cenſures all Sermons but bad ones. If her Huſband be a Tradeſman, ſhe helps him to Cuſtomers, howſoever to good cheer, and they are a moſt faithfull couple at theſe

theſe Meetings, for they never fail. Her Conſcience is like others, luſt never ſatisfied; and you might better anſwer *Scotus* than her Scruples. She is one that thinks ſhe performs all her duty to God in hearing, and ſhews the fruits of it in talking. She is more fiery againſt the May-pole than her Huſband, and thinks he might do a *Phinehas* his act, to break the pate of the Fiddler. She is an everlaſting Argument; but I am weary of her.

XLV.

A Contemplative Man

IS a Scholar in this great Univerſity, the World; and the ſame his Book and Study. He cloyſters not his Meditations in the narrow darkneſs of a Room, but ſends them abroad with his Eyes, and his Brain travels with his Feet. He looks upon Man from a high Tower, and ſees him trulier at this diſtance in his Infirmities and poorneſs. He ſcorns to mix himſelf

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in mens actions, as he would to act upon a Stage, but sits aloft on the Scaffold, a censuring Spectatour. Nature admits him as a partaker of her Sports, and asks his approbation, as it were of her own Works, and variety. He comes not in Company, because he would not be solitary, but finds Discourse enough with himself, and his own thoughts are his excellent play-fellows. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning Stranger at novelties; but his search is more mysterious and inward, and he spels Heaven out of earth. He knits his observations together, and makes a Ladder of them all to climb to God. He is free from vice, because he has no occasion to employ it, and is above those ends that makes men wicked. He has learnt all can here be taught him, and comes now to Heaven to see more.

XLVI. *An*

XLVI.

An Atturney.

HIs Ancient beginning was a blue Coat, ſince a Livery, and his hatching under a Lawyer; whence, though but pen-feather'd, he hath now neſted for himſelf, and with his hoorded pence purchas'd an Office. Two Deſks and a quire of Paper ſet him up, where he now ſits in ſtate for all comers. We can call him no great Authour, yet he writes very much, and with the infamy of the Court is maintain'd in his Libels. He has ſome ſmatch of a Scholar, and yet uſes Latin very hardly, and leſt it ſhould accuſe him, cuts it off in the midſt, and will not let it ſpeak out. He is contrary to great men, maintain'd by his followers, *that is*, his poor countrey Clients, that worſhip him more than their Land-lord, and be there never ſuch churles, he looks for their courteſie, He firſt racks them ſoundly himſelf, and then delivers them to the Lawyer for execution. His looks are very ſolicitous, im-

importing much haſte and diſpatch; he is never without his handfull of buſineſs, *that is*, of paper. His ſkin becomes at laſt as drie as his Parchnent, and his face as intricate as the moſt winding cauſe. He talks Statures as fiercely, as if he had mooted ſeven years in the Inns of Court; when all his ſkill is ſtuck in his girdle, or in his Office window. Strife and wrangling have made him rich, and he is thankfull to his benefactor, and nouriſhes it. If he live in a countrey Village, he makes all his neighbours good Subjects; for there ſhall be nothing done but what there is law for. His buſineſs gives him not leave to think of his Conſcience, and when the time, or term of his life is going out, for Doomeſ-day he is ſecure; for he hopes he has a trick to reverſe Judgement.

XLVII.

A Sceptick in Religion

IS one that hangs in the ballance with all ſorts of opinions, whereof not one but ſtirs him, and none ſways him. A man guiltier of credulity than he is taken to be; for it is out of his belief of every thing, that he fully believes nothing. Each Religion ſcares him from its contrary: none perſwades him to it ſelf. He would be wholly a Chriſtian, but that he is ſomething of an Atheiſt, and wholly an Atheiſt, but that he is partly a Chriſtian; and a perfect Heretick, but that there are ſo many to diſtract him. He finds reaſon in all Opinions, truth in none: indeed the leaſt reaſon perplexes him, and the beſt will not ſatisfie him. He is at moſt a confus'd and wild Chriſtian, not ſpecializ'd by any form, but capable of all. He uſes the Lands Religion, becauſe it is next him, yet he ſees not why he may not take the other, but he chuſes this, not as better, but becauſe there is not a pin

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to choole. He finds doubts and ſcruples better than reſolves them, and is always to hard for himſelf. His Learning is too much for his Brain; and his judgement too little for his Learning, and his over-opinion of both ſpoils all. Pitie it was his miſchance of being a Scholar; for it does onely diſtract and irregulate him, and the World by him. He hammers much in general upon our opinions uncertaintie, and the poſſibilitie of erring makes him not venture on what is true. He is troubled at this naturalneſs of Religion to Countries, that Proteſtantiſm ſhould be born ſo in England, and Poperie abroad, and that Fortune and the Stars ſhould ſo much ſhare in it. He likes not this connexion of the Common-weal, and Divinitie, and fears it may be an Arch-practice of State. In our differences with Rome he is ſtrangely unfixt, and a new man every new day, as his laſt Diſcourſe-books and Meditations tranſport him. He could like the gray hairs of Poperie, did not ſome dotages there ſtagger him; he would come to us ſooner, but our new name affrights him. He is taken with

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their Miracles, but doubts an impoſture; he conceives of our Doctrine better, but it ſeems too emptie and naked. He cannot drive into his fancie the circumſcription of Truth to our corner, and is as hardly perſwaded to think their old Legends true. He approves well of our Faith, and more of their works, and is ſometimes much affected at the zeal of Amſterdam. His conſcience interpoſes it ſelf betwixt Duellers, and whileſt it would part both, is by both wounded. He will ſometimes propend much to us upon the reading a good Writer, and at *Bellarmine* recoyls as far back again; and the Fathers juſtle him from one ſide to another. Now *Soſinius* and *Vorſtius* afreſh torture him, and he agrees with none worſe than himſelf. He puts his foot into Hereſies tenderly, as a Cat in the Water, and puls it out again, and ſtill ſomething unanſwer'd delays him, yet he bears away ſome parcel of each, and you may ſooner pick all Religions out of him, than one. He cannot think ſo many wiſe men ſhould be in error, nor ſo many honeſt men out of the way, and his wonder is doubled,

doubled, when he ſees theſe oppoſe one another. He hates Authoritie as the Tyrant of Reaſon, and you cannot anger him worſe, than with a Fathers *dixit*; and yet that many are not perſwaded with reaſon, ſhall authorize his doubt. In ſum, his whole life is a queſtion, and his ſalvation a greater, which death onely concludes, and then he is reſolv'd.

XLIX.

A Partial Man

IS the oppoſite extream to a Defamer, for the one ſpeaks ill falſly, and the other well, and both ſlander the Truth. He is one that is ſtill weighing men in the Scale of Compariſons, and puts his affection in the one ballance, and that ſways. His friend always ſhall do beſt, and you ſhall rarely hear good of his enemie. He conſiders firſt the man, and then the thing, and reſtrains all merit to what they deſerve of him. Commendations he eſteems not the depth of Worth, but the requital of kindneſs: and

and if you aſk his reaſon, ſhews his Intereſt, and tels you how much he is beholding to that Man. He is one that ties his judgement to the wheel of Fortune, and they determine giddily both alike. He prefers England before other Countreys, becauſe he was born there, and Oxford before other Univerſities, becauſe he was brought up there; and the beſt Scholar there is one of his own Colledge, and the beſt Scholar there is one of his friends. He is a great favourer of great perſons, and his argument is ſtill that which ſhould be Antecedent, as he is in high place, therefore virtuous, he is prefer'd, therefore worthy. Never aſk his opinion, for you ſhall hear but his faction, and he is indifferent in nothing but Conſcience. Men eſteem him for this a zealous affectionate, but they miſtake him many times, for he does it but to be eſteem'd ſo. Of all men he is worſt to write an Hiſtorie, for he will praiſe a *Sejanus* or *Tiberius*, and for ſome pettie reſpect of his, all poſteritie ſhall be coſen'd.

XLIX.

A Trumpeter

IS the Elephant with the great Trunk, for he eats nothing but what comes through this way. His profeſſion is not ſo worthy as to occaſion inſolence, and yet no man ſo much puft up. His face is as brazen as his Trumpet, and (which is worſe) as a Fidlers, from whom he differeth onely in this, that his impudence is dearer. The Sea of Drink and much Wind, make a Storm perpetually in his Cheeks, and his look is like his noyſe, bluſtering and tempeſtuous. He was whilom the ſound of War, but now of Peace; yet as terrible as ever, for whereſoere he comes they are ſure to pay for't. He is the common attendant of glittering folks, whether in the Court or Stage, where he is always the Prologues Prologue. He is ſomewhat in the nature of a Hogſhed, ſhrilleſt when he is emptie; when his bellie is full he is quiet enough. No man proves life more to be a Blaſt, or himſelf a Bubble. And he is like a counterfeit Bankrupt, thrives beſt when he is blown up.

L.

A Vulgar-ſpirited Man.

IS one of the Herd of the World. One that follows meerly the common crie, and makes it louder by one. A man that loves none but who are publickly affected, and he will not be wiſer than the reſt of the Town. That never owns a Friend after an ill name or ſome general imputation, though he knows it moſt unworthy. That oppoſes to reaſon, Thus men ſay, and thus moſt do, and thus the World goes, and thinks this enough to poyſe the other. That worſhip men in place, and thoſe onely; and thinks all a great man ſpeaks Oracles. Much taken with my Lords Jeſt, and repeats you it all to a ſillable. One that juſtifies nothing out of faſhion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way. That thinks certainly all Spaniards and Jeſuites very villains, and is ſtill curſing the Pope and *Spynola*. One that thinks the graveſt Caſſock the beſt Scholar: and the beſt Clothes the fineſt man. That

That is taken onely with broad and obſcœne wit, and hiſſes any thing too deep for him. That cries *Chaucer* for his money above all our Engliſh Poets: becauſe the voice has gone ſo, and he has read none. That is much raviſht with ſuch a Noble-mans courteſie, and would ventute his life for him, becauſe he put off his hat. One that is formoſt ſtill to kiſs the Kings hand, and cries, *God bleſs his Majeſtie* loudeſt. That rails on all men condemn'd and out of favour, and the firſt that ſays away with the Traytors: yet ſtruck with much ruth at Executions, and for pitie to ſee a man die, could kill the Hang-man. That comes to London to ſee it, and the pretie things in it, and the chief cauſe of his journey the Bears: That meaſures the happineſs of the Kingdom, by the cheapneſs of Corn; and conceives no harm of State, but ill trading. Within this compaſs too, come thoſe that are too much wedg'd into the World, and have no lifting thoughts above thoſe things that call to thrive, to do well, and Preferment onely the grace of God. That aym all Studies at this mark, and ſhew you poor Scholars as

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an example to take heed by. That think the Priſon and Want, a Judgement for ſome ſin, and never like well hereafter of a Goal-bird. That know no other Content, but Wealth, Braverie, and the Town-pleaſures; that think all elſe but idle ſpeculation, and the Philoſophers, Mad-men: In ſhort, men that are carried away with all outwardneſſes, ſhews, appearances, the Stream, the People; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of ſingularitie, and ſcorns ſomething.

LI.

A Herald

IS the Spawn, or indeed but the reſultancie of Nobilitie, and to the making of him went not a Generation, but a Genealogie. His Trade is Honour, and he ſells it, and gives Arms himſelf, though he be no Gentleman. His Bribes are like thoſe of a corrupt Judge, for they are the prices of bloud. He ſeems very rich in diſcourſe, for he tels you

of

whole fields of Gold and Silver, Or and Argent, worth much in French, but in Engliſh nothing. He is a great diver in the ſtreams or iſſues of Gentrie, and not a by-Channel or Baſtard eſcapes him, yet he does with them like ſome ſhameleſs Quean, Fathers more Children on them than ever they begot. His Trafficks is a kind of Pedlerie-ware, Scutchions, and Pennons and little Daggers, and Lions, ſuch as Children eſteem and Gentlemen: But his penie-worths are rampant, for you may buy three whole Brawns cheaper, than three Boars heads of him painted. He was ſometimes the terrible coat of *Mars*, but is now for more merciſull Battels in the Tilt-yard, where whoſoever is victorious, the ſpoils are his. He is an art in England, but in Wales Nature, where they are born with Heraldrie in their mouthes, and each Name is a Pedegree.

LI.

A plodding Student

IS a kind of Alchymiſt or Perſecutour of Nature, that would change the dull lead of his Brain into finer mettal, with ſucceſs many times as unproſperous, or at leaſt not quitting the coſt, *to wit*, of his own Oyl and Candles. He has a ſtrange forc't appetite to Learning, and to atchieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His Studie is not great but continual, and conſiſts much in the ſitting up till after Mid-night in a Rug-gown, and a Night-cap, to the vanquiſhing perhaps of ſome ſix lines: yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it ſo long to underſtand it, till he gets it without Book. He may with much induſtrie make a breach into Logick, and arrive at ſome ability in an Argument: but for politer Studies, he dare not ſkirmiſh with them, and for Poetrie accounts it impregnable. His Invention is no more than the find-

ing out of his Papers, and his few gleanings there, and his disposition of them is as just as the Bookbinders, a setting or glewing them together. He is a great discomforter of young Students, by telling them what travel it has cost him, and how often his Brain turn'd at Philosophie, and makes others fear studying, as a cause of Duncery. He is a man much given to Apothegms, which serve him for Wit, and seldom breaks any Jest, but what belong'd to some Lacedemonian or Romane in *Lycosthenes*. He is like a dull Carriers horse, that will go a whole week together, but never out of a foot-pace: and he that sets forth on the Saturday shall overtake him.

LII.

Pauls Walk

IS the Lands Epitom, or you may call it the leſſer Iſle of *Great Britain*. It is more than this, the whole Worlds Map, which you may here diſcern in its perfect'ſt motion juſtling and turning. It is a heap of ſtones and men, with a vaſt confuſion of Languages, and were the Steeple not ſanctified, nothing liker *Babel*. The noiſe in it is like that of Bees, a ſtrange humming or buzmixt of walking, tongues and feet: It is a kind of ſtill roar or loud whiſper. It is the great Exchange of all diſcourſe, and no buſineſs whatſoever but is here ſtirring and afoot. It is the Synod of all Pates politick, joynted and laid together in a moſt ſerious poſture, and they are not half ſo buſie at the Parliament. It is the Antick of tails to tails, and backs to backs, and for vizards you need go no further than faces. It is the Market of young Lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and

ſizes. It is the general Mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legends Poperie, firſt coyn'd and ſtampt in the Church. All Inventions are emptied here, and not few pockets. The beſt ſign of a Temple in it is, that it is the Thieves Sanctuary, which rob more ſafely in the Croud, than a wilderneſs, whileſt every ſearcher is a buſh to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after Plays, Tavern, and a Baudy-houſe, and men have ſtill ſome Oaths left to ſwear here. It is the ears Brothel, and ſatiſfies their luſt and itch. The Viſitants are all men without exceptions, but the principal Inhabitants and poſſeſſours, are ſtale Knights, and Captains out of ſervice, men of long Rapiers, and Breetches, which after all, turn Merchants here, and traffick for News. Some make it a Preface to their Dinner, and travel for a ſtomack: but thirſtier men make it their Ordinary, and board here very cheap. Of all ſuch places it is leaſt haunted with Hobgoblins, for if a Ghoſt would walk more, he could not.

LIII.

A Universitie Dun

IS a Gentlemans follower cheaply purchas'd, for his own money has hired him. He is an inferiour Creditour of some ten shillings or downwards, contracted for Horse-hire, or perchance for drink, too weak to be put in Suit, and he arrests your modestie. He is now very expensive of his time, for he will wait upon your Stairs a whole After-noon, and dance attendance with more patience than a Gentleman-Usher. He is a sore beleagurer of Chambers, and assaults them sometimes with furious knocks: yet finds strong resistance commonly, and is kept out. He is a great complainer of Scholars loytering, for he is sure never to find them within, and yet he is the chief cause many times that makes them study. He grumbles at the ingratitude of men, that shun him for his kindness, but indeed it is his own fault, for he is too great an upbraider. No man puts them more to their brain than he:

In the reign of Henry the Seventh a famous Bailiff named Joe Dun, lived in town of Lincoln. This man was so extremely dexterous in his rough business that it was usual when a person refused to pay his debts

and by shifting him off, they learn to shift in the World. Some choose their Rooms a purpose to avoid his surprizals, and think the best commoditie in them his Prospect. He is like a rejected acquaintance, hunts those that care not for his company, and he knows it well enough; and it will not keep away. The sole place to supply him is the Butterie, where he takes grievous use upon your Name, and he is one much wrought with good Beer and Rhetorick. He is a man of most unfortunate voyages, and no Gallant walks the streets to less purpose.

to say, "Why don't you dun him?" That is, why don't you send Dun to arrest him. Hence the custom of calling a person who pays another for the payment of money, a Dun.

LIV.

A stayed Man

IS a man. One that has taken order with himself, and sets a rule to those lawlessnesses within him. Whose life is distinct and in Method, and his Actions as it were cast up before. Not loos'd into the Worlds vanities, but gathered up and contracted in his station. Not scatter'd into

into many pieces of buſineſſes, but that one courſe he takes, goes thorow with. A man firm and ſtanding in his purpoſes, nor heav'd off with each wind and paſſion. That ſquares his Expence to his Coffers, and makes the Total firſt, and then the Items. One that thinks what he do's, & do's what he ſays, & fore-ſees what he may do, before he purpoſes. One whoſe Word (if he can) is more than anothers aſſurance, and his doubtfull tale before ſome mens proteſtations. That is confident of nothing in futurity, yet his conjectures oft true Propheſies. That makes a Pauſe ſtill betwixt his ear and belief, and is not too haſty to ſay after others: One whoſe Tongue is ſtrung up like a Clock till the time, and then ſtrikes, and ſays much when he talks little. That can ſee the Truth betwixt two wranglers, and ſees them agree even in that they fall out upon. That ſpeaks no Rebellion in a bravery, or talks big from the ſpirit of Sack. A man cool and temperate in his paſſions, not eaſily betrayed by his choller: That vies not oath with oath, nor heat with heat: but replies calmly

ly to an angry man, and is too hard for him too. That can come fairly off from Captains companies: and neither drink nor quarrel. One whom no ill hunting ſends home diſcontented, and makes him ſwear at his dogs and family. One not haſty to purſue the new Faſhion, nor yet affectedly true to his old round Breeteches. But gravely handſom, and to his place, which ſuits him better than his Taylor. Active in the world without diſquiet, and careſull without miſerie: yet neither ingulſt in his pleaſures, nor a ſeeker of buſineſs, but has his hour for both. A man that ſeldom laughs violently, but his mirth is a chearfull look. Of a compoſed and ſetled countenance, not ſet, nor much alterable with ſadneſs or joy. He affects nothing ſo wholly, that he muſt be a miſerable man when he looſes it: but fore-thinks what will come hereafter, and ſpares Fortune his thanks and curſes. One that loves his Credit, not this word *Reputation*; yet can ſave both without a Duel: whoſe entertainments to greater men are reſpectfull, not complementary, and to his friends plain, not rude. A

good

good Husband, Father, Master: that is, without doting, pampering-familiarity. A man well poiz'd in all humours, in whom Nature shewed most Geometrie, and he has not spoil'd the work. A man of more Wisdom than Wittiness, and Brain than Fancy, and abler to any thing than to make Verses.

FINIS.